

HOLDING ONTO A DANDELION

by Andrew “Change” Huang

i close my eyes and take a breath,
then blow away the cotton whites—
the wind ascends without a rest;
one at a time, the seeds take flight.

florets open; they carry aches—
i wave the fine stem like a kite.
an eager puffball cannot wait—
itching in time, the seeds take flight.

some fall quickly onto the ground;
some soar quite far, escaping sight—
but when wishes rain all around,
gone time stales as seeds take flight.

now thoughts of you out of a blue,
i hope to reach your dreams tonight.
there are more wishes just for you—
only this time, the seeds take flight.